

OUT OF THIS WORLD

On the fifth of July we came to Buck's Rock,
Ready for two months of fun;
When at the barn our trunks we did dock--
One-seventy-two were as one.

Soon at the hall our products we sold,
While selling these things we had fun;
Carrot from seed and bowl from a mold--
One-seventy-two were as one.

Now we have come to August--the close,
We'll all admit we've had fun;
For the theme of our Yearbook, slogans we've chose--
And one-seventy-two are as one.

1951



OUT OF THIS WORLD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

You have asked me to write about the slogan - Ask the Man Who Owns One - for our year book. I can understand why you selected that particular slogan for me. At all, I am the owner of Buck's Book - and I do not think it is a little like to tell you how I lived. What is a Camp? The word I lived in the Latin "Campus" which means a piece of land. Then say that a Camp is a piece of land that land, there are buildings which were to meet the needs of the people living on it. Just a minute. Let's go on. I know that, so let's go on. What makes a Camp? What makes a Camp? Well, I think it is the people who live there. It is the people who live there. Their aims in life. Buck's Book? It is you; it is our staff; it is all of us, working together, sharing our principles, our beliefs, our aims in life. We are Buck's Book. We have, each of us, contributed to it, and we give a part of ourselves to something we

THE CAMP THAT MADE NEW MILFORD Famous



homic, so full of the positive elements of living that they must be shared by all.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



You have asked me to write about the slogan- Ask the Man Who Owns One - for our year book. I can understand why you selected that specific slogan for me. After all, I am the director of Buck's Rock --- and I do own it, in a way --- or do I? I'd like to tell you how I feel about it.

What is a Camp? The word is derived from the latin "Campus" which means a field. Let us then say that a Camp is a piece of land, and on that land, there are buildings which were built to meet the needs of the people living on that land. What is a country? In a broader sense, we can define it in the same way.

You say: Just a minute Ernie! We are not talking about a piece of land or a group of buildings. We meant Buck's Rock.

I know that, so let's go on from there! What makes a Camp? What makes a Country? It is the people who live there: it is their principles, their beliefs, their aims in life.

What makes Buck's Rock? It is you; it is our staff; it is all of us, working together, sharing our principles, our beliefs, our aims in life. We are Buck's Rock.

We have, each of us, contributed to it, and once we give a part of ourselves to something we believe in, it becomes a part of us:

I t b e c o m e s o u r p o s s e s s i o n !

You came to Buck's Rock because you believed in the ideas, the ideals represented by Buck's Rock. You brought to it your willingness to co-operate, your eagerness to achieve, your enthusiasm, your good-will. You brought this to Buck's Rock; you brought this to each other; you brought this to our staff.

And we, in turn, have brought to you all that we believe can be of benefit to you: our willingness to co-operate in all of your endeavors; our eagerness to help you in your achievements; our enthusiasm, our good will.

T h e r e f o r e , B u c k ' s R o c k
b e l o n g s t o a l l o f u s !

And the most valuable part of this, our possession, is that we can continue to give it to others, and by giving, it will only increase in value! And as time goes on, you will, perhaps, think of the slogan -- ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE -- and then remember that there are possessions on this earth that can never belong to one single person, because they are so dynamic, so full of the positive elements of living that they must be shared by all.



get activated

Looking back over Buck's Rock by Richard Levy

This is M. Richard Levyols. I have been asked by the august staff of the Yearbook of 1991 to write my memoirs stemming from my experiences at Buck's Rock forty years ago. It grieved me deeply to hear that Ernie had died-- I thought he would live a hundred more years, at least. Oh well, I will write my memoirs of Buck's Rock.

First, allow me to tell you something about myself. I am the director of Ecrivain Cie (Writing Inc.), Ceramik Americain, Bois Cie (Lumber, Inc.), L'art, and Francaise-Americain. I am deeply indebted to Buck's Rock for the attainment of these high positions.

I came to the camp for the first time in 1951, where I met esteemed persons well versed in the French language. After playing the deaf-mute in a French play, I became devoted to France. Twenty years later I almost proposed to Jean Girandoux, but I found out that in French, Jean is the name of a man.

While spending two months in the utterly insane desolation of the Print Shop, I became addicted to the writing of funny stories which nobody laughed at while they were being read at supper. This led me to becoming an office boy in Ecrivaine Cie, where after hard work and bad stories, I advanced rapidly through the positions of Shipping Clerk, Complaint Manager, and 8th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd, and 1st Vice Presidents. I then returned to Buck's Rock for a season, and that fall I became President of the company.

Having lived in the 8-Bunk for two months, I had become accustomed to rising early, being peeked at through windows, and having wet towels thrown in my face. When I applied for a post in Francais-Americain, I was asked for my credentials. On hearing of my two months in the 8-Bunk they exclaimed, "Monsieur! You are not fit for any post in Francais-Americain -- except Le President! We will fire ze old one and proclaim you! Anyone from the 8-Bunk is parfait (perfect) for the post! Vive! Vive! Vive! I found out later that the old president had also gone to Buck's Rock, but that he had lived in the Boys House.

I enjoyed my positions at Ecrivaine and Francais-Americain vastly, but I soon became bored with being only a millionaire -- I wished to become a billionaire. To do this I went back to Buck's Rock for a refresher course in ceramics given by Hal Loren himself. When I asked him why he was still alive, he replied, "Old ceramic

Looking back on Buck's Rock by Richard Levey

counselors never die; they just wedge away."

After this, I became a Vice-President in Ceramik American, where I specialized in the production of mouse tiles. I had now become a billionaire, but success spurred me on to investigate the largest lumber manufacturing organization in Paris -- Bois, Cie. I there met M. Yaschois, general manager in charge of boxes.

My time spent at Buck's Rock also gained me influence, as a Yale man has influence in a lock factory. Mme. Tatte Hochmane and M. Walois Hochmane had organized L'art five years before, and they made me general manager in charge of silkscreening Weeder's Digest covers. I had now become a trillionaire, but I was eager to become what no man had yet achieved -- a quadrillionaire. Even in this task Buck's Rock aided me.

One of the largest theater houses in Paris which has sprung up in the past two years is Chipse, Cie. I decided to investigate this place to see if I could get a role in their new production, "Poeme en la Waselan". All of the advertisements proclaimed it as an "ancient masque", "a great controversial play", etc. When I introduced myself to M. Chipse, he asked, "Were you ever in New Milford?"

I said, "Yes, I was."
"In Buck's Rock?"

"Yes, I was."
"In 1951?"

"Yes."
"Did you play a part in 'Madwoman of Chaillet?'"

"Yes."

"Parfait! I hire you for la Poet. 10,000 francs an hour. Oui?"

"Oui, oui." I replied, "Vive Buck's Rock!"

Though I like Paris and I am a success because of what Buck's Rock has done for me, I still prefer "Oy, Oy." to "Oui, Oui!"

I enjoyed my positions at Ceramik and Ceramik-American vast, but I soon became bored with being only a millionaire -- I wished to become a quadrillionaire. To do this I went back to Buck's Rock for a teacher course in ceramics given by Mel Loren himself. When I asked him why he was still alive, he replied, "Old Ceramik."

photo-guard against negative scratch

construction-alterations without charge

jewelry-she's lovely, she's engaged
she uses acid

wood shop-when better boxes
are built yasha
will build them

ceramics-it's toasted

werving-loomed to be heirloomed

P rint-why be irritated

art-our hand has never lost it's skill



YOURS TO ENJOY

WANDERING AROUND CAMP ONE CANNOT MISS THE SHOPS

Upon entering the Ceramic Shop we can see
slips and vases
kilns and glazes
mattes and mottles
bats and bottles
tiles and tiles
and endless smiles

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

We cross the threshold
and here we find
some lists to sign
enlarger wheels
and film tank reels
films and files
and timer dials
printing rooms
and borrowed brooms
hypo fixer
shortstop mixer

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

A few steps
and through the door
we find lots more
power tools
extension rules
wooden bowls
and drill press holes
palette table
none too stable
sanding, nailing
buzz saws wailing

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Around the corner we can see



shuttle loom
an outdoor room
red and black
go forth and back
belts we make
threads that break
mats we weave
and now we leave

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Next door we hear

typewriters clatter
amidst much chatter
mimo turns
as leon burns
type is set
and deadlines met
cutting stencils
losing pencils

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

And into the art shop

painting things
among the strings
lots of toil
with brush and oil
silkscreen pages
Wally rages
fishes break
and campers quake

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Between the pre-fabs there's a shop

bracelets pins
and acid bins
asphaltum paint
and workers faint
lanyards braid
and earrings made
etching clips
and stuff that drips

AND THAT IS ALL

In Buck's Rock nearly everybody heard the WEEDER'S DIGEST

In this camp there is a newspaper
some people think it is a good newspaper
some people think it is a bad newspaper
this is not true
it is a weeder's digest

every week we have an issue
it is usually a big issue
at it we work very hard
we meet deadlines
we type stencils
we mimeograph pages
we usually waste a lot of paper

the art shop makes covers for us
they are on colored paper
they are nice covers
we like them

the photography shop makes pictures for us
they are on photographic paper
they are nice pictures
we like them

then we put everything together
then we staple everything together
we give the papers out at dinner
this is the weeder's digest

In this camp there is a newspaper
it is the weeder's digest
we think it is a good newspaper
this is because we work so hard on it
we hope you liked it

the world's greatest art critic; watching the world's
greatest artist, putting the finishing touches on his
greatest painting; and trying to decide whether it
will be the world's greatest, while the world's great-
est art connoisseur watches with critical interest.

by richard foreman



The Descent by Sue Buchman

The room was filled with tension, and a serious and important discussion was going on. A cigarette was lit with unsure hands as a pair of eyes stared blankly out into space.

It was an office in a building off Broadway, and two men sat facing each other. One was short and stocky and seemed rather at home in the surroundings. He was intently searching the other man's face and seemed worried. His companion wore a look of helplessness. His face was thin and gaunt, although he couldn't have been more than thirty-five. He was nervously turning the corner of his jacket over and over in his fingers while he talked. His voice trembled as he said, "But I love her, Jack. Can't you see that?"

"I know you do, and I know she loves you too. Don't you see how silly you're being? Why, I don't think you've gotten a good night's sleep for months . . . and for what?"

"I'll tell you for what . . ." His eyes came to rest on the other man's face as his voice became strained. "My wife told me six months ago that she'd been in love with someone else. And you ask me why I'm so upset?"

"She also said it was over. She loves you or she wouldn't have told you at all." He leaned over and took hold of the other man's arm. "Now look, Bill, this is all in your imagination. You have to forget it! This idea of yours about going to see this man and asking him whether he's been seeing your wife is wrong and you shouldn't do it."

"But I have to know! I'm going to see him right now and confront him with it. I've made my decision and I'm going through with it."

"Listen to me . . . you are wrong. You're destroying yourself by believing something that isn't true. For your wife's sake, and for your own, forget about it." Seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere he stopped.

"Thank you for talking to me about it, Jack," Bill said, his hand on the door. "I'm going down now to see him. You know? He's on the floor below. Ironical, isn't it?" A forced laugh came from his lips as he shut the door to his friend's office.

Footsteps echoed down the long hall, as Bill neared the elevators. He rang and waited.

It was late on a Saturday afternoon and the usually busy office building was ominously quiet. The big battery of elevators were not running except for one which was picking up the late workers. The doors on the floor were locked and not a soul could be seen or heard.

Bill pressed the bell again; this time, it was twice. He started to walk up and down, his hands again turning up the corner of his jacket. A few minutes passed as he paced, thinking about the man on the floor below him. Again he rang the bell, even more impatiently. Then, feeling disgusted, he decided that since it was only one floor, he might as well walk down.

His slow, hesitant steps led him to the door marked "Stairs". He opened it and started on his walk to the next floor. The door closed slowly behind him.

His footsteps sounded down the long stairway as he made his way downward. He reached the next floor and felt for the doorknob. He couldn't feel one. In the dim light, he looked for it, but all he saw was the blank door.

On a sudden impulse, he began to run back upstairs mounting the steps two at a time. His heart began to pound as he reached for the doorknob that he found was not there. He suddenly had the sensation of being trapped and he began to shout through the heavy door, hoping against hope that his friend, Jack, might hear him. He pounded until his fists ached, and his voice became weak. Then, he turned in desperation to look around.

The dim light that was given off by old light bulbs on each floor created an atmosphere of eeriness. He walked over to the well and looked down the twenty-five flights of stairs below him. His own voice rang inside him; "Now look," it said, "take it easy. Jack's office is pretty far away from the stairway. Maybe if I go to the next floor and yell, there will be somebody near enough to the door to hear me. It's ridiculous to get upset."

He started for the second time to descend the stairs and reached the next floor. His voice again echoed through the stillness as he pounded on the heavy door. There was no response. He kept saying to himself that he must take it easy and that he would try again. Another flight he descended, and then another. Each time, terror mounted within him and he began to go faster.

He stopped on the nineteenth floor, and in a split second the thought came to him: what if no one heard him? What if, since it was Saturday afternoon, he was forced to stay trapped in this shaft until Monday? What if he was not found for days? Panic immediately seized him and he broke out in a cold sweat.

He began to run down the long flights. His body cast shadows on the walls, first in back of him and then in front, thinner and fatter. His legs became an unwitting force at his terror-stricken command. His ever-increasing speed threw him almost off balance, but he did not stop. The footsteps became faster and faster, going towards only one goal: the bottom. His only hope was the bottom where there might and yet there might not be a way out. Every floor seemed to him to be more of an obstacle in his way. His eyes became blurred to the point where the stairs below him were an oncoming rush, and he had no sense of feeling except fear. His ears pounded with the sound of his shoes on the concrete stairs.

The bottom approached although he didn't know it and the last flight of stairs was like all the rest. His hand reached out the mechanical way, not knowing what it would find, and the beating of his heart was unbearable. His fingers grasped something and stayed there as if it did not know what to do - as if they were detached from his body. Slowly they

turned the knob, and a rush of oncoming cool air hit him in the face.

It was Broadway and the lights were just beginning to flash on. People were going home to dinner, rushing to and fro. An uncontrollably shaking man was standing in the doorway of a building, his face covered with sweat, his lips quivering.

Bill looked at the flow of activity going on around him and gave a long, deep sigh. After a few minutes, he got hold of himself and began to walk slowly down the busy street, hardly conscious of the ache in his legs. He passed the entrance of the building from which he had come, looked up and smiled to himself. He thought of his wife who would have dinner waiting for him, as he turned a corner and was gone.

Where the road is narrow
It is merely a road
But where the road is wide
There is suddenly a town.
For a minute there is life.

The life is not really life
The shell of it is a human shell, with glass
and concrete and chrome
The noises are human noises: exhaust backfires,
shouts, a blaring jukebox
But the people, in their denims and bright
cottons, are not quite human
or real

All their faces are the same face
All their noises are the same noise
Their glass, concrete, and chrome does not
even form a pattern.

But this surely is life where the road widens
It must be life
It is not the same as before and after the
widening of the road.

Where the road is narrow
It is merely a road
But where the road is wide
There is suddenly a flash of auto horns
and red calico
Some say that is life.

by

Sinore
Eisenson

Sisterhood of cities by Pi Slocum

New York writhes with the raucous noise
Of the thousand fold screen of horns.

Paris smiles lazily
Under a bright screen of rain.

Venice lies on her island like an opulent
Persian cat; straining for the sweet sound of
Adriatic waves against her beaches.

Alexandria perspires and contemplates resignedly
the secondary fate of the Pharaohs.

Constantinople tries in vain to remember the sound
of her new name; how can the city of Constantine
find another name so fair?

Vienna sighs to the tune of gay waltzes
played for the last time many years ago.

Each as different as spring from autumn
and yet they are the same.

In spring Death peers through heavy laden blossoms
into the fast fading faces.

In autumn a leaf crackles in the sun
and Death is here.

Will there ever be a city-fair and with grace
a city of Life?

Immune from the visitation of Death. Permanent
and ageless.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD

This year, as in the past, sports have played a great part in our summer at Buck's Rock. Under the able direction of Joe Strasser, our baseball and basketball activities came off well. Every morning there was baseball instruction in which the fundamentals of the game were taught to all those interested. One result of this instruction was our winning season against New Milford, but the far more important result was the campers, who all their life wanted to play baseball correctly, had the opportunity to learn. Added to our games against New Milford and our annual camper-counselor game, etc., was the little softball league, which boasted over fifty members and which gave all those who wished it, the chance to participate in organized sports. In most cases, the four teams in the league played twice weekly. At the end of the summer, prizes were awarded to the winning team which, like the other teams, manifested good sportsmanship besides baseball skill.

Our basketball program this year was somewhat handicapped by the absence of enough good basketball material to form a team to play New Milford. However, inter-camp games planned and executed by Joe, Dutch, and the sports committee were held.

This has been a fine summer for water activities and the water front under the direction of Milt Silver has had a fine schedule. Excellent opportunities were provided to acquire the swimming skill which is the primary factor in swimming safety. Life saving instruction has taught the students to meet uncommon situations and assisting and rescuing others. The emphasis has been on the recreational and instructional end rather than competitive swimming.

Archery this year was under the direction of Dutch who, besides teaching the game to a record breaking number of campers, also conducted an archery tournament. Riflery at camp this year was under the guidance of Betty and Dutch and, like archery, it enjoyed tremendous success. Betty and Dutch concentrated on teaching true marksmanship to the campers who used this skill to win N.R.A. awards.

One of the most popular sports at camp this year was tennis which prospered handily under the able direction of Maida. During her instruction periods in the mornings she educated the campers in the technical aspects of tennis.

Riding has always been an important part of our sports program and this year the story wasn't any different. With Larry Smith in charge, our campers learned to ride at the start of the season. During the remainder of their stay, they put their knowledge of horsemanship to use, riding the trail and participating in the horse show.

Ping-pong and badminton this year had the role of filler sports. Because of the short time required to play them they could be played in the midst of the busiest day and thus their popularity was tremendous. Volleyball, which was played mainly during athletic evenings and on several Sunday mornings, enjoyed popularity for the same reasons. Helping to teach these sports were Bergy, Maida, Joe, and C.I.T.'s.

Summerizing our sports program it may be said that, besides being varied and plentiful, it was one of the best experiences of our camp life.



IT'S IN THE BAG

Those hearty souls who have braved mosquitoes, torrential showers, and arctic conditions this summer have been well repaid. It's hard to tell what has been the most fun -- the sleeping late -- good and plentiful (even if a little well done) food -- swimming (especially the diving board belly flops) -- the good ship "Titanic" that sank every few feet at Sandis Field State Forest -- the long truck rides -- things like Bobby's good humor when he upset his patiently cooked breakfast while laughing at a joke -- delicious tastes like that of Jeff's wonderful pancakes served with hot syrup.

Did you know that we have Mike's sound effects, collapsable tents, holes for star gazing, and short sized sleeping bags for taller people (ask Dot and Mike). Also we are probably pioneers in tuxedos at Tanglewood a la pup tents!

The places we've been to, the fellows who have gone, will always be remembered; and funny incidents will be talked about for a long time afterward -- fourteen hot dogs on a one candlepower flame and Pete: "Gosh, that hot dog was hard inside." Mike: "No wonder! You forgot to remove the stick." (P.S. It really happened that way!)

There have been poison ivy hikes to roadside ice cream stands, mountain climbing in the truck, and hikes for firewood as well as hikes up real mountains. They made fun of our ice box and limousine transportation, but our hiking afterward was more fun because of it.

You'd be surprised at how much we learn on trips like these. If they try to give us geology, mathematics, cooking, nature study, or biology in school we fall asleep. But this way, through seeing and doing things with Betty, it's painless.

There's something nice about sitting around a camp fire with your friends and the smell of woods and darkness all around you. Something nice, too, when the flames have died and you crawl into your sleeping bag to be gently lulled to sleep by the noise of the forest and the regular snores of your partners.

laundry -- will not shrink more than 1%

Come, dear campers, and let us pay a visit to B.R. Happy, a typical Buck's Rocker as he happily goes through his day at camp. Like many, he tries many activities--some he likes, some he detests. First, let us see him in the one he detests-----

GETTING UP.....The sleep's left in

25--26--27--28-----"Why must that confounded gong ring so many times?" Suddenly a cold, wet, dirty towel was thrown in his face. Then the blankets were thrown off him. Such is the greeting of B.R. Happy to the bright, cold morning at Buck's Rock. Alas! "How can I dress with her standing at the window saying, 'Hurry up and get dressed!'"

BREAKFAST.....Why take less?

Uh--uh--ugh--ow---Don't hustle your bustle, Russell! Hey!-----Such is the Buck's Rocker's introduction to the cold cereal, pancakes, toast, and eggs. "Hey, Steve! (At this point half of the people in the dining hall turn around). Finally, Happy spots his Steve, who is on the opposite side of the room. Struggling past chairs, spilling his own and many other people's cereal, tripping over and under people, he finally reaches his bosom friend. "Steve!" he cries joyfully. "Happy!" Steve cries, upsetting two pitchers of milk. Ah, sweet breakfast!

CLEANUP.....There's a mess in your future

What a mess! What a mess! Poor Happy is the unproud owner of an upper bunk, and so he must wait until his lower bunk-mate makes his bed to make his own. Of course, his lower bunk-mate isn't there yet but Happy knows that as soon as he starts to make his, Lower Bunk will come marching in. So he starts resignedly to clean his shelves...Finally, L.B. is through, and Happy starts to make his bed. What does he find in it? Bees, ants, spiders, moths, and w-w-wasps. Brave Happy makes his bed but just think of his rest tonight!

LAUNDRY.....We wash the cleanest clothes in town

This is Friday. Friday is laundry day. "Where are my socks?" "I have $5\frac{1}{2}$ pairs this week....Who hocked the other half?" Happy is shy. I don't have enough under---" Oh well. When laundry is through, the unpleasant chores are completed and the day at Buck's Rock begins.

FARM WORK.....We grow our own

Happy has been working on the farm for two months, but he still doesn't know the difference between carrot tops and weeds. This causes poor Bergie to tear his hair out and teach him the difference, but five minutes later, he is still picking out young $\frac{1}{2}$ grown carrots. If any parents find in

their bunch of carrots that they bought for 19¢ a few weeds, Happy apologizes. After all, we all make mistakes.

REST HOUR.....The sleep left out

Rest hour. The hour of rest. As Happy entered to lie down, there was a four cornered catch going on, and he just missed having an eternal rest hour as he wandered about the room. Happy decided to put in a claim for the comic which had soared to popularity since Ernie's speech--dear Dogface--but there were six people ahead of him. As he reached for a book, another hand grabbed the other side and pulled it out from under him. Finally---Bong! Bong! Bong! The hour of rest was over. As everyone scrambled out of the room, Happy went to sleep. Ah!

IN THE SHOPS.....Make it queer

Happy, it seems, had an insane desire to make money, and so he spent Friday afternoon in the shops. He started at the Ceramic end to complete the bowl he had begun for his dear mother who told him that there was nothing she would like better. After throwing his clay into Marilyn's face while wedging, breaking up six of the molds and using a red bat for gray clay, he went on into the art shop. After removing and misplacing all the pencils, building a relief map out of Wally's paints, and painting a picture on the back of Pi's pointillism piece, he moved on into the photo shop. Upon his entry there, he was initiated with the tunnel trick, and he started to open up one of the boxes in the cubby holes. He was then shooed through the door into the wood shop where he viewed Yascha making his millionth box. After getting his hand stuck in the band saw, he flew through the window into that mess of all messes-----the Print Shop. "The roller is inked!" The roller is inked! The ROLLER is inked!" "Who ruined that stencil? Now we must do it over again!" "Don't use so much ink on the press! Why don't you all go-----" Happy had at last found his match, and he snuck quietly out of the shop to return to the Social Hall in time for-----

CHORUS.....tuned to the stars

B.K. Happy is a typical chorus member---he goes to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the rehearsals and all of the performances. He is a tenor, but he sits with the sopranos-----Dave Katz has often wondered at this strange combination-----but he loudly sings the bass part to "The Heavens Are Telling"--and at the concert on the village green, we find Happy--still doing his worst.

SLEEP.....The sleep left

Evening activities are now over and the bunkmates all come trooping in, and begin disrobing. Everyone is dead, for it is hard work propelling girls around the campus. Happy gets dressed, goes into the bathroom, brushes his teeth, washes up, and looks into the mirror at himself. Reflecting, he thinks: "It's been a good day. A typical Buck's Rock day."

So long, Steve, see you tonight." He put on his coat and hat, and stepped out into the February morning.

A warm rain was falling, and it transformed the winter snow into a thick river of slush. As he walked through the puddles, his pants soaked up the water, chilling his legs. Then he remembered his overshoes, which he had left behind him.

"How absent-minded can you be?" he said to himself. Turning around, he went back to get them. There they were, on Steve's back stoop. It infuriated him that he could have been so careless. He put them on, and started off for home.

The rain was really coming down now. "If the day continued in the same fashion," he thought, "he would probably go to the movies."

Then, his mind wandered to the party which he was going to in the evening. He hoped that it would be good, especially for Danny's sake. Danny was going with Julia now, and had even given her a ring. He was suddenly brought to life by Trudy, a neighbor's dog, who was walking by. He called her to him and stroked her back. It was smoothed today; Mrs. Gordon must have brushed it.

After walking some more, he neared his house. Through the mist he recognized his aunt's car. "I guess she's helping with the new curtains," he thought to himself.

He passed the familiar blue and white doll house on the corner of his street, and soon was mounting the staircase leading to his front door. He wiped his overshoes, opened the door, and walked in.

"Hello, Sally. How are you today?" he called to the family maid, who was dusting in the living room.

"I'm O.K.," she replied. "Your mother's upstairs. You better go see her."

There was a queer tone in her voice as she spoke, but he dismissed it without much thought. He noticed that his dad's armchair was out of place, so he straightened it, and then went upstairs.

"Hi ma, how is breakfast?" he called from the landing of the purple-carpeted stairs, "Steve's parents are going to drive me to the party tonight, so you can go to the movies."

He climbed a few remaining stairs, and walked down the hall to the master bedroom. His mother was there, but something was wrong! Tears were pouring down her face. His father and aunt were there also, trying to console her.

"Good God, mom, what's the matter?" he cried anxiously.

"Andy, dad got a phone call from Florida. Your grandmother --- is dead!"

By Andy Morrison

TAILORED TO FIT



It's hard to exactly gauge what "intellectual" means, but those who conceive of it meaning someone who prefers Keats to kites and Brahms to ballads must surely be wrong.

I suppose, really, that an intellectual is someone with enough general curiosity to probe into things without losing appreciation for the antique, the well-worn, the tried and trusted.

Then I can say that this summer at Buck's Rock has had hundreds of explaining experiences.

Our musical activities spread far and wide, until there was almost always some really fine music being played.

Our chorus sang and sang, until the roof rang and their mouths ached. But the result was music. And good music. And even more, good fun.

Our dramatic work can hardly be better described than by exploratory. And incidentally, marvellous.

And we were never at a loss for a good discussion. Usually impromptu and usually fiery! And in the most mad places! What invigorating literary debates on the chow line. Proust and pickles. But all in one spirit, that of curiosity.

Our Art Shop complied to the Museum of Modern Art. Everyone was trying something new and combining their ideas with things already solved.

We read our eyes out, remember? Even in competition with Dogfaze Dooley, our precious pocket books became well read and well thumbed through, and dog ears reigned.

I'm sure that this summer will stay with us forever. Because of what we've done and what we've learned. We're even readier to learn what is before us, on our ways through life.

And when we look back we'll smile.

stage -- don't be a bulbsnatcher

it's the blend that makes the difference

1951

WAS ALMOST "MUSIC YEAR" AT BUCK'S ROCK. Under the general supervision of the music committee, headed by the competent and talented Dave Katz, good music flourished throughout the camp season.

The Camp's first major musical evening was presented in form of a show entitled "Music, Dance and Comedy". The singing of the Chorus at the close of the production was indeed beautiful, but this was only a preview of what was to come.

On Friday, August 17th, both Orchestra and Chorus contributed to a very impressive evening of music on the Village Green of New Milford. Our musicians started off the evening by playing marches and folk music of different countries. After intermission the town hall was floodlighted, showing our Chorus in full array on the steps. They sang a varied program ending with an inspiring performance of "The Heavens Are Telling" from Haydn's "Creation".

Winding up our music season, the Orchestra, Chorus, and Dramatic department recorded the story of Stephen Foster. This included an overture background music by the Chorus, vocal solos, and quartets. The play was presented on Festival Day and proved a success.

During the season many wonderful evenings were spent listening to recorded music. Everything from "Guys and Dolls" to Beethoven's Ninth was played and enjoyed by all.

Then, there was the trip to the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, where we heard the Brahms Second and Fourth Symphonies and his Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

Looking back over the summer we fondly recall many pleasant hours spent in playing and singing folk songs. We can almost say that you spell Buck's Rock with folk singing.

Yes, this was a busy year in music, and another step in continuing our long range program to make music a really integral constructive force at Buck's Rock.

archery -- more snap

timed to the stars

T_{WO}

factors contributing to the success of this season at Buck's Rock were the dramatic and motion picture programs.

The Drama department offered three productions. The first offering was Basil Burwell's Masque for the stage, "Poet In The Wasteland". This play was by far the most stimulating of the season. So strong was the sentiment, both pro and con, that a special meeting was organized to discuss the play. The play was an arrangement for the stage of such poems as "The Hollow Men" and "The Wasteland".

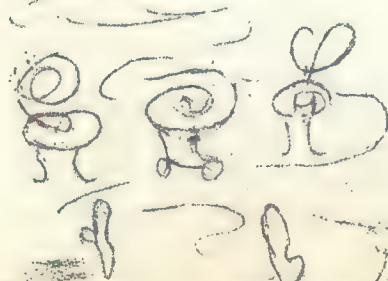
In a sequence of unrelated scenes it told of modern man's search for his soul. It was one of the most unconventional plays produced at Buck's Rock. Everyone, supporters and critics, must admit to its being a new experience in the theatre.

The following night, "Feudin' No More", an original play by Basil Burwell was presented. A complete departure from the style of the former production. "Feudin' No More" was enjoyed for all it was, an unpretentious comedy on hillbilly feuds.

The final production of the year was the Giraudoux escapade "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" adapted to English by Maurice Valency. It is a delightful fantasy with biting satire relating the madwomen's struggle to rid the world of evil men. This exciting production brought to a close a successful drama season at Buck's Rock.

This summer we had the unusual opportunity of viewing eight full length movies. Highlights of the season were: "Pygmalion", Shaw's satirical farce of London life; the semi-documentary "Grapes of Wrath" based on Steinbeck's novel of the dust bowl; Nobel prize winning Pearl Buck's "Good Earth" story of existence in China and another Shaw masterpiece "Major Barbara".

And, once again we realize that these two mediums are a major part of Buck's Rock.



MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE



The dance program, directed by Rhoda Levine, this summer has been as varied as it has been interesting. The members of the group showed their versatility by participating, not only in their own work but also in the dramatic productions. Many of them appeared in "Poet in the Wasteland" and "Feudin' No More".

The dance program became so popular that it was necessary to split the group up into sections, groups A and B. In the first Music and Dance night, members of both groups participated. They presented an interpretation of a South African Veld song and a duet to the American folk song, "Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair".

Dance group A worked under the guidance of Rhoda. The classes consisted of learning technique and and doing interpretive dance. We all enjoyed their group project, "The Emperor's New Clothes". During the early part of the summer everyone had a chance to interpret each role and it was from these interpretations that the cast was chosen. In the weeks following this performance the concentrated on technique and interpretive dance. With Mike Sahl's accompaniment and Rhoda's assistance the members did their own spontaneous choreography. The girls discussed certain emotions which they then translated into dance form. Many of these dances were seen at the last Music and Dance night of the season.

Jo Taylor, with Mike Sahl and Danny Bernstein as accompanists, worked with dance group B. The class concentrated primarily on technique, this was put into use in their solos and group project, "The Chicken Reel" which we all enjoyed so much. Jo Taylor choreographed the dance and Danny Bernstein arranged the music. The "Chicken Reel" and the solos were performed at the second dance night.

Both dance groups had a very successful summer. They not only entertained us but they also improved technically, had fun, and learned a great deal about a comparatively new art form.

"Swing your partners, circle four! All circle left, swing some more!"

Wahoo! It's time for a real Buck's Rock square dance. Mike Sahl and Danny Bernstein are tuning up their banjo and guitar, and we're ready to begin.

Artie Zilversmit takes the mike and begins his call. "Come on boys, pick your partners!"

Through the course of the evening, square dances such as the "Spanish Caballero", "Grape Vine Twist", and "Texas Star", folk dances as the "Irish Jug" and "Troika"; and social dances will have been heard.

Yes, the country atmosphere of the Buck's Rock square dance is something looked toward to by all campers.



Manhattan Trilogy

by Richard Foreman

John

The golden stream of sunlight plays hide and seek among the ash-cans of the littered alley. The voice of the new day begins its song. A poor man stirs, and then wakes. He was awakened by the child next door. Who can blame the child for screaming. There he lay in his bed; a rock which was hard and had absorbed the sweat and tears of his whole family before him; he had added his own also. When he chewed on the rock, it tasted as one might expect. He didn't like that taste.

The poor man woke and rose and looked out the window. A great snake went hissing past overhead and his room seemed to shake and settle even more into the filth of the city. But he did not mind these discarded pieces around him, he did not know any better. He could not know any better.

Down in the street there were children throwing pieces of New York while dodging those thrown by others. One was hit and ran to a discarded building for shelter, but being very brave, he did not cry. Then through a hole in the wall of the house, a boy threw a stone at him, and again hit him. Now the child realized that the outcast whom he had sought for protection had no interest in giving shelter any more; how could he when he was in such a disreputable condition.

The poor man didn't think about this though, so he was happy, and went down in the street to think. The people, the important things, were here.

Tony smelled of fish, his cart smelled of fish even more.

The poor man looked at the outcast buildings. They screamed, but without raising their voices, "God, why don't they kill us, and end our agony instead of torturing us with trying to make our broken

bones go as far as possible."

The poor man sympathized with them, but only outwardly. To him it didn't seem so bad; of course he didn't know any better, he couldn't know any better. Then through the echoing and hideous din of the slum, he heard a different noise and saw a different sight. A rich man drove by in a car. He sat down on the littered curb and thoughtfully watched the car speed further and further away, out of his reach, and then hearing, and then, sight.

* * *

Shall the rich car speed from you all your life?

* * *

The poor man worked in the sewer. The sewage of New York is perhaps better than that of some cities, but it is certainly worse than others.

The cold, dirty water leaped into the poor man's glove. His whole hand became wet, and cold, and slimy.

The poor man now knew there were people in the city better than he. It made him mad to hear their spirited movement on the street above him, so he decided to go up on the same street, and move, and be better than someone else, also. This didn't work. He stood shivering in the wilderness of the city's congestion.

All the while, the river of people raced past him. His out of placeness overheated him; he wished he could jump into the river to cool himself.

He could steal something in the store across the street. That only gave him temporary security. He went on top of the building,

There he saw the whole city looking at him.

"Get down you beggar, stop your false elevation."

So he got down and walked far and saw flowers and trees and all the lovely things of nature. He thought he had wanted beautiful things. He didn't, he couldn't stand their solem mocking beauty. Then off in the distance he saw the lights, penetrating the pupils of his eye with a human persistence. They called him, and he had to go, because he didn't know any better. If he could have, he would have explained to himself that a man is born with many things, the most important, love; and many people love - - - - -

* * *

The city.

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman and a child. The man was an average class American citizen. One of those people who live in a house just like the one next door, and eats the same dinner as the people next door, and has the same passions and desires as the man next door. One of those people who takes the bus to the office every day. As the man looked out the window of the bus, he saw a young girl. He desired her for a split second; the poor man wouldn't because he had often fulfilled his desires; the rich man wouldn't because he had convinced himself that his money stabilized him so, he didn't have these desires; but the average man must go through life having everything within inches of his reach, but just beyond.

Everyone in the office liked him. One of these friends asked him if he liked his vacation in the country.

"It was great, yes, but near the end it got on my nerves, so

lonely in the woods."

* * *

Together they nodded knowingly.

* * *

The man worked in a taxicab company. The city supplied all of the business. he looked out the window and a girl sat down beside him. He tried not to move and kept on looking.

The great fingers pushing holes in the blue sky. The people. He loved to look at and feel the people. He always looked at them during lunch. From where he sat he could not hear their hearts, so that all seemed so happy and simply conceived that they poisoned them with a ridiculous joy. He sat there, and made random comments as the gigantic amusement park sped around him. They presented their merits to him in the usual, outlined form of his life. The rollercoaster elevated railways; the carroussel of the tours around the city; the terris wheel of the rising, dropping moods of the great town; the tunnel of love subways; the funhouse the theatres; the parachute lift elevators; the of mirrors traffic; and the freaks, the tallest, the biggest, the tattooed and the swallowing. The park gave Joe something to occupy his brain. Certainly better thoughts than those which would help the park in Joe's surprisingly enough, basically unhappy mind, would have found their way. The city was a protective pillow which he could hide behind from his troubles, fears, weaknesses, and some un-nameable things which always lurked at the back of a man's mind.

The girl got up, and her elbow brushed against his exposed neck. A muscle twitched and he looked up, and, met by her thinking and penetrating eyes, looked down again. He would have to sew the tear in the pillow, tonight, but he had plenty of thread.

* * *

The city supported and protected him. He needed the city. Some love it, and some need it.

Stephen

The sun came up over the Inquisitive roof-tops, and burst in full force through the large window into the contentedly satisfying room. It woke none, however. No poor soul opened his eyes to add another chapter to his stuttering saga. A man was there, though; a man who was, it seems, a bit too full of liquor. New York and liquor have one thing in common, both have an overwhelming power of intoxication.

Stephen is the man's name. He has a lot of money; a lot of fame; and strangely enough, a lot of ability and (stranger still) respect. He has given a lot to New York. The people of the metropolis owe a lot to him.

Stephen was dancing last night. He asked the girl if she loved him, and she pretended to say yes.

Stephen was drunk, so he decided to tell her about himself and his city. He was already rich when he reached New York. He walked down the street, and bought things in the stores, appreciated the buildings, he loved them. During the day he would look up at them and show them off to his apprentices as his friends. But at night, lying in the darkness of his room, where he could only see their massive, and hidden expanses, he came to know they hated him. He would walk down the artificially lit streets, and all the lights focused their attention on him. Anywhere in the city he could go he found the surroundings hostile. He felt the sounds of the city were building up

to some terrible climax and he was afraid that he might be concerned in it. The pulse of the city throbbed, as if the town was running hard, trying to catch him.

* * *

Why?

* * *

Finally, in despair, he flung himself into the trees of the park to escape. Through the foliage he walked, but every so often, casting a glance upward, hoping to catch a glimpse of one of the great towers. This calmed his fears that perhaps he was so distasteful to them, they would leave him, never to return. Coming out of exile, he was relieved by their realness, but again became lost. Then he saw a sign, "Keep your city clean". Below it was an empty candy box. He stopped for a while, and sat down on the curb and thought. Then he picked up the box and carefully put it in the basket, and then he saw another box, and threw it away. Soon he was throwing away bigger things, old buildings perhaps.

* * *

Old souls are constantly being revised. They are better than new.

* * *

The city didn't stare at him anymore. Now they exchanged glances as two men who love each other might do. He knew that all that was expected of him was love, an active love that gave, not only received. Stephen said to the girl, "You will learn this also - I sound like a teacher".

The girl said, "You do", and she laughed.

He realized he would have to suffer more, but he was happy.

* * *

The remainder of the day was spent in much the same position as the first part. Then he went to bed, Stephen opened the window and looked out. It was still light, and some children were playing dodgeball. One little girl fell, and skinned her knee; she started to cry, and ran to a big white building to sit down on the step. Once on the step of the big building, she felt better and started to laugh.

* * *

Stephen cheered.

* * *

He looked and sniffed the air, and soothed the building with the palm of his hand. He said, "Part of this is mine".

* * *

The city cheered.

* * *

Stephen needed the city now to express what was in his mind and heart. Some love it, some need it, and some are needed by the city.



eventually. why not now?

57 VARIETIES

a

Bruce Abramson 635 Palmer Ave. Teaneck, N.J. Te. 6-4497
Michael Adler 1431 Longfellow Ave. Bronx 59 Lu. 9-1984

b

Peter Bay 527 West 110 St. N.Y.C. 25 Ac. 2-4228
Peter Berliant 204 Storer Ave. New Rochelle Ne. 2-3389
Danny Bernstein 230 West 76 St. N.Y.C. Tr. 7-2213
Allen Blank 9955 65 Ave. Forest Hills Il. 9-6537
Robert Blank 9955 65 Ave. Forest Hills Il. 9-6537
Arthur Bobis 1745 East 18 St. Brooklyn Ni. 5-4041
Robert Brussel 133 West 3 St. N.Y.C. Le. 2-9714
Peter Bry 457 Richmond Ave. Maplewood, N.J. So. 2-4394
Stephen Bulova Prospect Hill, New Milford, Conn. 1453

c

Adam Clymer 519 W. 121 St. N.Y.C. Mo. 3-3180
Peter Cohen 70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale Sc. 3-7789
Richard Davidson 414 Mountain View Rd. Englewood En. 3-6923
David Dobkin 2550 University Ave. Bronx 63 Cy. 5-4977

e

Eric Eisenklam 300 Riverside Dr. N.Y.C. 25 Mo. 2-2310

f

Thomas Farkas 66 Cobane Terr. West Orange Or. 2-1726
Steven Fleischer 344 East 3 St. Brooklyn 18 Ge. 6-6788
Richard Foreman 139 Brewster Rd. Scarsdale Sc. 3-1885
Peter Frank 41 Kew Gardens Rd. Kew Gardens 15 Il. 9-2600
Andrew Frey 600 West End Ave. N.Y.C. 24 Tr. 7-3314

g

Michael Gang 1730 Ocean Parkway Brooklyn Es. 6-0454
John Geist 101 Central Park West N.Y.C. Su. 7-3030
Leopold Godowsky Westport, Conn. Westport 2-5242
Stephen Goldstein 3009 Kingsbridge Terr. Bronx 63 Ki. 8-0395

h

John Herzog 33-81 162 St. Flushing Fl. 9-5171
Robert Howard Park Dr. South Rye N.Y. Rye 7-1588

j

Michael Jacobs 184-52 Grand Central Pkwy Jmca Ol. 8-4107
Alan Joseph 170-19 Henley Rd. Jamaica Ax. 7-6094

k

Richard Kaplan 35-03 191 St. Flushing In. 3-2111
Marvin Karp 3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10 Cl. 8-1042
Richard Karp 3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10 Cl. 8-1042
Michael Kaufman 3608 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 10 Es. 7-7292
Wallace Kessler 215 Mt. Hope Pl. Bronx 57 Lu. 7-3225
Butch Kohn 15 Christopher St. N.Y.C. Ch. 2-7721
Peter Kurz 1180 Grant Ave. Bronx Je. 7-5031

l

David Larsen 18 Lynack Rd. Hawthorne, N.J. Ha. 7-4843
Eddie Lavine 303 W. Sedgewick St. Phila. 19 Ge. 8-8615
James Lehrich 1127 East 13 St. Brooklyn 30 Cl. 8-3202
Paul Leopold 600 West End Ave. N.Y.C. 24 Sc. 4-8702
Richard Levy 17 N. Chatsworth Ave. Larchmont 2-1023
Barry Lipson 881 Washington Ave. Brooklyn 25 St. 3-3798

Sp6-
1428

m	Fred Mackta	444 Beach 132 St. Belle Harbor, L.I.	Ne. 4-7840
	Ted Mackler	2 Horatio St. N.Y.C.	Ch. 2-5930
	Martin Manoil	314 Chenung St. Waverly, N.Y.	Way. 390
	David Michaels	600 West End Ave. N.Y.	Su. 7-6811
	Paul Mischacoff	68-37 112 St. Forest Hills	Bo. 8-4960
	Gerald Moress	1534 Maple Ave. Hillside, N.J.	Wa. 3-6416
	Andrew Morrison	58 E. Brookside Dr. Larchmont	La. 2-4687
	Jonathan Musher	17 West 71 St. N.Y.C. 23	En. 2-3614
n	David Nashel	872 Grange Rd. Teaneck, N.J.	Te. 6-6872
	Andrew Ney	251 Ft. Washington Ave. N.Y.C. 32	Wa. 7-3904
	Robert November	110 Station Rd. Great Neck	Gr. 2-3688
	Allen Novick	35 Baker Hill Rd. Great Neck	Gr. 2-0110
r	Stephen Rauch	680 Bway, Cedar Hurst, N.Y.	
	Jeffrey Relter	720 Ft. Washington Ave. N.Y.C. 32	Wa. 3-3571
	Victor Ripp	20 West 84 St. N.Y.C.	Tr. 7-9520
	Mark Rosenberg	400 Lantana Ave. Englewood, N.J.	En. 3-5910
	Peter Rosenfeld	1076 East 17 St. Brooklyn	Cl. 8-3570
	William Rosin	4445 Post Road N.Y.C. 71	KI. 3-3151
	David Rosner	63-36 78 St. Middle Village, Queens	
	Stephen Ross	Cedar Ave. Hewlitt, L.I.	Fr. 4-0192
s	Peter Scher	67-52 Selfridge St. Forest Hills	Bo. 8-8467
	Richard Schiffer	1351 East 29 St. Brooklyn 10	Es. 7-0925
	Jeffrey Schlanger	50 East 96 St. N.Y.C. 28	At. 9-9320
	Michael Schostal	72-06 Ingram St. Forest Hills	Bo. 8-7392
	Donald Schwarz	44 Edgewood Rd. Summit, N.J.	Su. 6-1831
	Paul Silfen	1010 Dorchester Rd. Brooklyn	Bu. 7-4217
	Stephen Silver	5931 Nicholson St. Pittsburgh 17	Ja. 1-0773
	Stephen Simensky	1004 East 22 St. Brooklyn	Na. 8-0762
	David Stein	1019 Elder Lane Jacksonville, Fla.	9-5533
	Bennet Stern	12 Cluster Ave. Newark, N.J.	Wa. 9-9071
	Jerry Straus	90-10 149 St. Jamaica 2	Re. 9-0526
t	David Tabin	185 Erasmus St. Brooklyn 26	Bu. 2-8065
	Peter Tamases	160 Van Nostrand Ave. Englewood	En. 3-8803
	Robert Tamases	130 Huguenot Ave. Englewood	En. 3-3952
w	William Weissberger	2 Ridgecrest West Scarsdale	Sc. 3-5992
	George Weisz	252 West 85 St. N.Y.C.	En. 2-1353
	Juleon Winston	48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4	Yo. 3-7417
	Kent Zimmerman	19 Ramsey Rd. Great Neck	Gr. 4-5912W

z

NEVER underestimate the power of a woman

a

Jane Atkins 875 West End Ave. N.Y.C. Ri. 9-5229

b

Diana Bernstein 941 Washington Ave. Brooklyn 25 Ul. 6-0075
 Alice Bien 3902 47 St. L.I.C. Ir. 6-7861
 Diana Bloom 75 Vine Rd. Larchmont, N.Y. La. 2-3998
 Susanna Buchman 47 East 87 St. N.Y.C. 28 Le. 4-1346
 Joanna Bulova Prospect Hill New Milford, Conn. 1453
 Nan Bush 249 Jennings Ave. Patchouge L.I.I. Pa. 1983

c

Joyce Chanin 115 Argyle Ave. New Rochelle Ne. 6-3875
 Rosalinda Civval 29 Allenwood Rd. Great Neck Gr. 2-7682
 Elizabeth Cobrin 221 West 82 St. N.Y.C. Tr. 4-0681
 Georgia Cohen 3 Windsor Ave. Melrose Pk., Pa. Me. 5-1541
 Diane Colb 119 80 St. Brooklyn 9 Sh. 8-1271

d

Manuela Dobos 98 Park Terrace East N.Y.C. Wi. 2-0079
 Esther Dworetzky 200 Hewes Str. Brooklyn Ev. 7-5766

e

Carolyn Epstein 35 Lafayette Pl. Woodmere L.I. Fr. 4-2974

f

Abby Fink 726 The Crescent, Mamaroneck Ma. 9-4710
 Sue Freedman 280 Starling Rd. Ebglewood N.J. En. 4-0459
 Thea Fuchs 152 Urban St. Mount Vernon Mo. 8-9818
 Brenda Furst 505 West End Ave. N.Y.C. Sc. 4-3353

g

Leona Gang 1730 Ocean Pkway Brooklyn Es. 6-0454
 Laura Glarden 82-36 Beverly Rd. Kew Gardens Vi. 9-2163
 Judy Godwin 215 West 90 St. N.Y.C. Sc. 4-1081
 Frances Goldberg 134 Haven Ave. N.Y.C. Wa. 5-6588
 Joan Goldberg 505 East 14 St. N.Y.C. 9 Gr. 7-7436
 Marylinn Goldberg 290 Sixth Ave. N.Y.C. Gr. 7-1186
 Helene Governar 160 Bennett Ave. N.Y.C. Lo. 7-2636
 Barbara Greenhut 47 East 88 St. N.Y.C. Sa. 2-4994

h

Julie Haft 240 West 98 St. N.Y.C. Ac. 2-7077
 Ruth Haft 240 West 98 St. N.Y.C. Ac. 2-7077
 Sheila Handleman 260 West 72 St. N.Y.C. Tr. 7-4726
 Ellen Hartwick 66 Touraine Rd. Grosse Pointe Mich Tu. 2-9161
 Patricia Hetkin 333 East 57 St. N.Y.C. 22 Ei. 5-2928
 Wendy Hetkin 333 East 57 St. N.Y.C. 22 Ei. 5-2928
 Nancy Herbach 111 Towanda Ave. Phil. 26 Me. 5-2686
 Julia Herskowitz 41 West 96 St. N.Y.C. Ac. 2-9289
 Lonnie Hertz 38 Roe Blvd. Patchouge L.I. Pa. 774
 Lynn Hirsh 327 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle Ne. 2-3866
 Nancy Hirsh 327 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle Ne. 2-3866
 Barbara Hopp 374 Lantana Ave. Englewood N.J. En. 3-4069
 Carol Hoppentfeld 200 Bennett Ave. N.Y.C. Lo. 8-1877

j

Evelyn Jasper 737 Madison Ave. Albany 3 Alb. 3-1855
 Ellen Jones 18925 Muirland Detroit 21 Un. 0734

k

Alice Kandell	29 Washington Squ.	N.Y.C.	Sp. 7-8164
Ellen Katz	61 Disbrow Circle	New Rochelle	Ne. 6-4242
Judy Knee	53 London Terr.	New Rochelle	Ne. 6-6324
Brenda Kraft	240 East 175th. St.	Bronx	Tr. 2-2562
Ricky Kropf	141-44 71 Ave.	Flushing, L.I.	
Ina Kupperman	180 Bedell Ave.	Hempstead, L.I.	He. 2-1726

l

Judith Lack	1730 President St.	Brooklyn 13	Pr. 4-2133
Gretchen Langrock	1125 Park Ave.	N.Y.C. 28	At. 9-8378
Beth Lehrer	46 Princeton Ave.	Hewlett, L.I.	Fr. 4-4447
Marcia Levy	444 Central Park West	N.Y.C. 25	Ac. 2-4136
Elinor Lubin	134 Colwyn Lane	Cynwyd, Pa.	

Nancy Lyons	3326 160 St.	Flushing L.I.	Fl. 9-0249
Susan Lyons	3326 160 St.	Flushing L.I.	Fl. 9-0249

m

Margery Marton	333 West End Ave.	N.Y.C.	Sc. 4-8780
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n

June Nashel	256 W. Hudson Ave.	Englewood	En. 3-6486
Alice Nelson	152 East 94 St.	N.Y.C.	Tr. 6-4190

o

Susan Olswang	104 Garden Rd.	Scarsdale	Sc. 3-0867
---------------	----------------	-----------	------------

p

Margo Perl	325 W. 86 St.	N. Y. C. 24	Sc. 4-9046
Barbara Pierce 34	3425 Knox Place	Bronx 67	Ol. 4-5998

r

Jayne Raskin	441 Tecumseh Ave.	Mount Vernon	Mo. 8-1010
Ann Robbins	43 East 63 St.	N.Y.C. 21	Tr. 9-8989
Joan Roth	1130 East 7 St.	Brooklyn 30	Cl. 8-3848

s

Rita Schoenbaum	151 East 83 St.	N.Y.C. 28	Re. 7-1068
Isabelle Schwartz	146-29 Laburnum Ave.	Flushing	Fl. 9-8077
Jane Sigmund	20 W. 86 St.		Sc. 4-1124
Nancy Silverstein	92 Pinehurst Ave.	N.Y.C. 33	Wa. 3-1938
Ellen Simon	7707 Chapel Rd.	Elkins Pk. 17 Pa.	Mel. 5-0795
Victoria Simons	868 Carroll St.	Brooklyn	Ne. 8-3512
Kitty Singerman	41-42 50 St.	Woodside L.I.	Ha. 9-4819
Betty Slater	111 West 94 St.	N.Y.C. 25	Ri. 9-1675
Sue Slocum	585 West End Ave.	N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-3069
Joyce Solovey	110-20 73 Rd.	Forest Hills	Bo. 8-3336
Lee Sternberger	225 West 86 St.	N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-2903

t

Carol Tenowitz	98-25 65 Ave.	Forest Hills	Il. 9-6964
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w

Elizabeth Waltuch	68-63 108 St.	Forest Hills	Bo. 8-2282
Barbara Weil	7931 Park Ave.	Phil. 17	Melrose 5-2505
Lynda Wilson	36-40 Bowne St.	Flushing	Fl. 3-3291
Leslie Weissman	75-07 190 St.	Flushing	Ho. 4-6618
Grace Wolfe	2206 Quentin Rd.	Brooklyn 29	De. 9-1692
Leah Wolfe	2206 Quentin Rd.	Brooklyn 29	De. 9-1692

z

Marian Zashin	89 Old Mill Road	Great Neck	Gr. 2-6563
Marian Strauss	315 Central Park West	N.Y.	Sc. 4-5518

THESE ARE A JOB IN YOUR FUTURE

Peter Buseck	44 Seemann Ave.	N.Y.C. 34	Wa. 7-1215
Irving Dworetzsky	200 Hewes St.	Brooklyn 11	Ev. 7-5765
George Glassgold	1111 Park Ave.	N.Y.C.	
Bill Hurwich	4330-46 St.	Sunnyside, L.I.C.	St. 6-7147
Stephen Kamberg	80-40 Lefferts Blvd.	Kew Gardens	VW. 7-10433
Karl Loeb	895 Park Ave.	N.Y.C.	Re. 7-24463
Teddy Marks	222 West 83 St.	N.Y.C. 24	Se. 4-8138
Gene Marsh	26 La Belle Rd.	Mount Vernon	Mo. 7-3608
Michael Metzger	61-41 Saunders St.	Rego Pk.	Ha. 6-2080
Hans Miodownik	230 West 79 St.	N.Y.C. 24	Sc. 4-1638
Alan Morse (Yascha)	620 Ft. Washington Ave.	N.Y.C. 33	Wa. 3-2368
Robert Nicholls	123 West 74 St.	N.Y.C. 23	En. 2-1115
Yo Pilch	144-35 Northern Blvd.	Flushing NY.	Fl. 9-1077
Stanley Poler	1637 Paulding Ave.	Bronx	Ta. 9-4355
Jerry Pollen	105 Pinehurst Ave.	N.Y. 33	Wa. 8-3251
Paul Ripp	20 West 84 St.	N.Y.C.	Tr. 7-9530
Lenny Sidney	68 Mt. Vernon St.	Boston, Mass	Ri. 2-1240
Peter Steiner	736 West End Ave.	N.Y.C.	Ac. 2-5523
Alex Strasser	3060 29 St.	L.I.C. 2	Ra. 8-5940
Sandee Chernow	50 Burton Ave.	Woodmere, L.I.	Fr. 4-1607
Leslie Diamond	207 West 106 St.	N.Y.C. 25	Ac. 2-7867
Elinor Elsenon	5 Cornell Place	E.Rkway	
Ruth Hoffman	3253 Cambridge Ave.	N.Y.C. 63	Ki. 6-3080
Judy Lissauer	473 West End Ave.	N.Y.C.	En. 2-8732
Margot Mink	340 West 57 St.	N.Y.C.	Cl. 7-5751
Nancy Lee Hirsh	3270 Lake Shore Drive	Chicago 13	We. 5-4433
Lita Schwartz	264 Rugby Rd.	Bklyn. 26	In. 2-2136
Peggy Stern	88 Remsen Street	Bklyn. 2	Tr. 5-9439
Jo Ann Taylor	220 West 21 Street	N.Y.C. 11	Cl. 2-6828

TIME TO RETIRE

Jess and Doris Adler	1431 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, N.Y.	Ja1-0773
Fay Avellor	111 E. 88 Street, N.Y.	Le4-4132
Lloyd and Adelaide Bergen	Bolles School Jacksonville, Fla.	Ja9-6640
Basil and Nancy Burwell	RFD 1, Norwalk, Conn.	We2-5920
Arnold (Buzzy) Campus	Antioch College, Yellow Springs Ohio	
Betty Dobbs	190-16 35 Ave., Flushing, N.Y.	In3-4911
Marilyn Fox	1229 Cattrey Ave., Far Rkway., N.Y.	Fr7-6931
Frank and Sue Gerber	30 E. 208 St., Bronx, N.Y.	
Janet Gramaglia	43-44 Aubarndale Lane, Flushing, Ny.	In3-1680
Wally and Taffy Hochman	1409 New York Ave. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	Ui9-2836
Betty Huff	531 W 122 St., Apt. D41, N.Y. 27	Mo2-1365
Peter Jensen	141 W 69 Street, N.Y.	En2-7377
Dave and Jeanne Katz	37-21 80 St., Jackson Heights, NY.	Hi6-7187
Rhoda Levine	42-50 Murray St., Flushing N.Y.	FI9-2451
Dr. Lissauer.	473 West End Ave., N.Y.	En2-8732
Harold and Bea Loren	2786 Jerome Ave., Bronx 68, N.Y.	Lu4-0578
Dorothy Manozzi	531 W 122 St., Apt D41, N.Y. 27	Mo2-1365
Elinor (Dutch) Mayer	1010 California Pl., Island Park,	Lo6-5004
Betsy Musher	17 W 71 St., N.Y.	En2-3614
Olivia Riddell	34 Edgecombe Ave., N.Y.C.	
Malda Riggs	7 South St. Grafton, Mass.	Gr5-551
Mike Sahl	92 Pinehurst Ave., N.Y. 33	Lo8-1113
Batja Sanders	17 w. 71 Street, N.Y.C.	Sc4-4017
Milt and Jean Silver	5931 Nicholson St., Pittsburgh 17	
Larry and May Smith	150-41 121 Ave., Baisly Park, Ja.	
Joe Strasser	30-60 29 St., Astoria, L.I.	Ra8-5940
Jerry Sutton.	119-40 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens	VI9-7034
Paul and Rona Tannenbaum	70-01 113 St., Forest Hills	Bo3-5148
William Wellington	241 East 207 Street, Bronx, N.Y.	Ol4-1253
Hertha Werner	875 Linda Vista Ave., Pasadena	Lu9-1984
George and Elaine Winnett	84-31 Fleet Court, Middle Village	Da6-0920
Leon and Julia Winston	48 Sunlight Hill, Yonkers 4, N.Y.	Yo3-7417
Arty Zilversmit	409 Elmwood Ave., Ithaca, N.Y.	
Mike Zimmer	285 Riverside Drive, N.Y.	Ac2-4608

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Elzie and Lucille Calhoun	91 Belmont Ave. Jersey City N.J.
Lteanyi Osili	Purdue University, Lafayette Indiana
Thomas Wagner	133 Willoughbey St. B'klyn.
Florine Capers	Eastover Sc. Ribot 246
Jannie Faber	346 North Montgomery Trenton N.J.
Felix Okafu	Ifediora University of Conneticut

GIRLS HOUSE - 99 44/100% Pure

BOYS HOUSE - Chock Full of Nuts

FARM HOUSE - I'd Walk a Mile ---

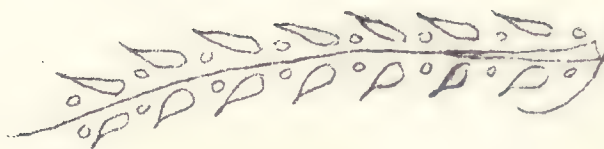
8 BUNK - Faster Get Away

PREFABS - Children Cry for It

ANNEX - Talk is Cheap

SHOPS - No Defrosting

TENTS - Nature in the Raw - Is Seldom Mild



The Gift of a Lifetime

John Geist - Stopette for Gus
 Richard Bonime - One night's sleep in camp
 Peter Buseck - One night's sleep in camp
 Irving Dworetzky - Library of Congress
 George Glassgold - A pansy in his garden
 Bill Hurwich - A co-ed school
 Stephen Kamberg - A non-inkable roller
 Karl Loeb - A match company
 Teddy Marks - A set of drums and third base
 Gene Marsh - A glove compartment
 Mike Metzger - All good things
 John Miodownik - A megaphone
 Yascha - A lumberyard
 Bob Nicholls - A few million callouses
 Yo Pilch - A new sailor hat
 Stanley Poler - A screw, a flashlight, and a bobby pin
 Jerry Pollen - A priority on pianos
 Paul Ripp - A ball he can't catch
 Lenny Sidney - A full seven innings
 Peter Steiner - An edible horse
 Alex Strasser - A discussion with people
 Sandee Chernow - A mold for more like her
 Leslie Diamond - Custom made dungarees
 Elinor Eisenson - More plays, less acts
 Ruth Hoffman - Hershey space bars
 Judy Lissauer - Loads of hysterics
 Bingo Mink - A carton of Kleenex
 Nancy Lee Hirsch - Hopetull horses
 Lita Schwartz - More work camps
 Peggy Stern - A pail of slip
 Jo Taylor - Words without motions

P.O.
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Ernie - The gift of a lifetime
 Ilisa - Happiness in her new home
 Jess Adler - More "vacations"
 Doris Adler - Stock in Buck's Rock
 Fay Avellor - A farmhouse on Times Square
 Lloyd Bergen - Bigger vegetables and higher prices
 Adelaide Bergen - Campers with less luggage
 Basil Burwell - A car people can't pick up
 "Buzzy" Campus - The farmhouse girls
 Betty Dobbs - Steam without tables
 Janet Gramaglia - Tables without steam
 Marilyn Fox - A 70 piece mold
 Frank Gerber - A bigger shop with a smaller staff
 Sue Gerber - A turtle neck sweater
 Wally Hochman - An aquarium
 Taffy Hochman - A gallon of gentian violet
 Betty Huff - An elephant gun
 Peter Jensen - More Dick Fore-men
 Dave Katz - Rehearsals as well as performances
 Jean Katz - A soundproof room in the girls house
 Rhoda Levine - Second hand clothes for the emperor
 Dr. Lissaur - A chauffered limousine
 Harold Loren - Kiln-joys
 Bea Loren - A faucet with hot and cold running milk
 Dorothy Marizzi - A world of C.I.T.'s
 Dutch Mayer - No change in her disposition
 Betsy Musher - Her own beauty shop
 Olivia Riddel - Campers without pets
 Maida Riggs - A helicopter
 Mike Sahl - O.D. in the 8 bunk every night
 Batja Sanders - A crew cut
 Milt Silver - A lifesaving class which wants to go in the water
 Jean Silver - People who meet deadlines
 Larry Smith - A musical horse
 May Smith - A bolt of Furgusen tartan
 Joe Strasser - Mute baseball players and a seeing eye dog
 Jerry Sutton - 20 yards of solder
 Paul Tannenbaum - A demolisher for the pretabs
 Rona Tannenbaum - A sewing machine
 William Wellington - More girls in sailor hats
 Hertha Werner - A million little boys
 George Winnett - Fences
 Elaine Winnett - An empty annex
 Leon Winston - An efficient set of editors
 Julia Winston - Tiffany
 Arty Zilversmit - A good suntan
 Mike Zimmer - An enlarger to spread his talents

NO INFLATED CLAIMS

to the people who turned the
cranks, pushed the buttons, made
the photographs, drew the pic-
tures, cleaned the press, rep-
aired the typewriters, corrected
the stencils

to the people who put pro-
tek on every morning, who had to
go do a thing over when it wasn't
right, who washed out the paint-
brushes in turpentine, who worked
late and yelled at each other
when things didn't come out right

to the people who came in
when they had time to do a little

to the people who have just
seen their work come back bound
from New York, professional and
shiny and waiting to be seen

and to those who will do the
same thing in summers to come

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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ART: Richard Foreman LITERARY: Richard Levy

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Good to the last drop

